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House in which Howard was born.



LOWER CLAPTON, a small village in the environs of London, had the honour of giving birth to the great philanthropist John Howard, who devoted his whole life to mitigating the miseries of mankind, and has been characterized as the noblest of all the Howards. The character of Howard was, perhaps, never better described than in a speech that great man and eloquent orator Mr. Burke made at Bristol in 1780, previous to the election. "I cannot," says he, alluding to Mr. Howard, "name this gentleman without remarking that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curioisity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the

Vol. VII.

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neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity; already the benefit of his labour is felt, more or less, in every country; I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."

Mr. Howard was born in Lower Clapton in the parish of Hackney, in a house of which we present our readers with a view; it was situated near Hackney school, but on the opposite side of the way. This house was the country residence of Mr. Howard's father, who was an upholsterer in London, and it descended to the philanthropist who sold it in 1785, to Thomas Smith, Esq. This house so interesting to humanity was taken down some years ago. Of this distinguished

193

man we shall now give a memoir which will justly come under our title of

Select Biography.

No. XLII.

JOHN HOWARD.

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd!"

POPE.

JOHN HOWARD was born in the year 1727, at Lower Clapton, in the parish of Hackney. His education, which was rather imperfect, was among the Protestant Dissenters, of which sect his father was a member. On the death of his father he was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer in the city of London, but so irksome was this situation to him, that, as he approached manhood, he bought out his time, and indulged his curiosity in a tour to France and Italy. After his return he fell into a weakly state of health, which, with his attachment to reading and the study of nature, induced him to withdraw into country lodgings. It is a proof of some original singularity in his disposition, that he was induced from a motive of gratitude to marry the person with whom he lodged, and who had carefully attended him at Stoke Newington, though she was sickly and twice his age, and honestly remonstrated against the inequality of such an union. He passed three years with her in conjugal harmony; and upon her death, in 1756, sat out upon another tour to the continent. In this his leading object was to view the ruins of Lisbon, lately desolated by a dreadful earthquake. His intention was, however, prevented by the capture of the vessel in which he embarked, and his visit was paid to France in the capacity of a prisoner of war. The sufferings which he underwent, and was witness to, on this occasion, made an impression upon his mind that probably was a principal cause of the philanthropical exertions which afterwards employed so great a portion of his life. Their immediate effect was to induce him, upon his liberation, to lay the state of his fellow-sufferers before the commissioners of the sick and wounded seamen, who received his information with thanks. In 1758, he made a very suitable alliance with the eldest daughter of Sergeant Leeds, of Croxton, Cambridgeshire. He was then settled at his estate at Cardington, near Bedford; but he soon after purchased a seat in the New Forest, Hampshire, where he resided

three or four years. Returning to Cardington, he thenceforth made it the place of his fixed abode, and began to put in practice those schemes for the good of his poor neighbours and tenants, in which he ever took peculiar delight. He built upon his estate a number of very neat and comfortable cottages, to each of which he annexed a little ground for a garden. These he peopled with sober and industrious tenants, over whose welfare he watched with the vigilance of a parent. He established schools, where both sexes were gratuitously taught what would be most useful in their condition of life. He also distributed much in private charity to the indigent, and promoted various plans for public benefit, beyond his own immediate vicinity. His own family was distinguished for order and regularity, and he was exemplary in attention to religious duties, without any of the bigotry of party. One of his principal amusements was horticulture, in which he excelled. He was also fond of philosophical experiments and observations, and communicated to the Royal Society, of which he was a member, some papers in this class. In 1768, his domestic happiness was irreparably injured by the death of his beloved wife soon after she had borne her only child. The education of his son, and his usual benevolent occupations, continued to employ him till the year 1773, in which he served the office of high-sheriff for the county of Bedford. That conscientious regard to his duty by which he was always actuated, would not permit him to pass over slightly any of the functions of this office, and the superintendence of the prisons seemed to him one of the most important. Finding many abuses to prevail, which he did not know how to remedy, he determined to obtain all possible information on the subject. With this view he began by visiting most of the county gaols in England. On a second journey he extended his researches into town gaols and houses of correction; and so diligently did he pursue his object, that he was enabled, in March, 1774, to lay before the house of commons a large mass of information, for which he received their public thanks. It was principally upon the credit of his testimony that two bills were passed during this session, one, "for the relief of acquitted prisoners in matter of fees," the other "for preserving the health of prisoners." These Mr. Howard procured to be printed in the common character, and sent to every keeper of a county gaol throughout England.

He had now entered upon a new field

of philanthropical exertion, in which he discerned that much good was to be done; and with that steady ardour of temper which always led him to carry to the utmost perfection every scheme which he adopted, he resolved to devote his time and fortune to the improvement of this important part of civil polity. He accordingly, in 1775 and 1776, made two tours on the continent, and during their intervals travelled into Scotland and Ireland, and revisited all the counties of England, solely employed, in all these places, in collecting every particular relative to the management of prisons. The fruit of these elaborate researches was given to the public in 1777, in a quarto volume, entitled "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales; with Preliminary Observations, and an Account of some foreign Prisons." It was dedicated to the House of Commons, and enriched with a number of illustrative plates. This expensive publication was in a manner presented by him to his country; for, besides a very liberal donation of copies to individuals, he insisted upon fixing so low a price upon those for sale, that the purchaser received gratuitously at least the whole value of the plates. And this practice he followed in all his publications. As soon as it appeared, the world was astonished at the mass of valuable materials accumulated by a private unaided individual, through a course of prodigious labour, and at the constant hazard of life, in consequence of the infectious diseases prevalent in the scenes of his inquiries. The cool good sense and moderation of his narrative, contrasted with that enthusiastic ardour which must have impelled him to his undertaking, were not less admired; and he was immediately regarded as one of the extraordinary characters of the age, and the leader in all plans for meliorating the condition of that wretched part of the community for whom he interested himself. He had no object more at heart than the correction of their vices, which he thought might be effected by gentle but strict discipline, accompanied with that degree of personal comfort which was compatible with confinement; and to this end the greater part of his observations were directed. The house of commons having laudably seconded his zeal by bringing in a bill for the establishment of houses of correction, according to his ideas, he thought himself obliged to new exertions in order to give all possible perfection to this design. He therefore, in 1778, repeated his visit to the continent, in which he included Italy, as well as the nearer countries. After his return, in 1779, he made an-

other complete survey of the prisons of England and Wales, and those of Scotland and Ireland. In these tours he comprehended another object of importance to humanity, that of hospitals. He every where observed, and carefully noted down, their structure and regulations, and procured plans and draughts where he thought they might suggest something useful for imitation. These researches furnished him with a large and interesting "Appendix" to his former work, printed in 1780, quarto. At the same time, he published an edition in large octavo, of his "State of the Prisons," containing the additional matter of his Appendix. At this period he accepted the office of one of the three supervisors appointed by the act for establishing penitentiary houses. He made it an indispensable condition of his acceptance, that his friend Dr. Fothergill should be one of his associates, and he resolved to take no salary for his labours. The death of Dr. Fothergill, and difference in opinion with the other supervisor, concerning the situation of the first of these buildings, caused him in January, 1781, to resign his office, but it was only to resume his far greater exertions in the same cause. In the course of that year he pursued his usual inquiries in a tour through the northern parts of Europe, comprising Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland; and he employed the next year in surveying the prisons of England, and revisiting Scotland and Ireland. The Protestant charter-schools in the latter kingdom were a new object of attention, and he freely exposed the abuses to which they had been subjected. The year 1783 completed his survey of all the civilized parts of Europe, with that of Spain and Portugal; and upon his return, he again travelled into the three British kingdoms. Materials had now accumulated upon his hands sufficient for another "Appendix," which he printed in 1784, together with a new edition of his first work, comprising all the additional matter.

Though Mr. Howard had now almost exhausted the objects which first engaged his researches, yet the habits he had acquired would not suffer him to resign himself to repose, while anything remained in which he thought his further labours might serve the interests of humanity. The progress of contagion in prisons and hospitals had led him to consider of all the means used for checking it, and he expected to find these practised in their fullest extent in the prevention of that most fatal contagious disease, the plague. He also knew that the regulations for quarantine in this country

were frivolous, and usually evaded. He therefore thought an examination of all the principal lazarettos in Europe would produce much valuable information; and as personal hazard never, in his estimation, stood in competition with a matter of duty, he did not hesitate to expose himself to all the dangers which might attend on so near an approach to the most dreadful pestilence. He set out on this new expedition towards the end of 1785, unaccompanied by a servant, since he did not think it justifiable to expose to similar dangers any one not actuated by the same motives. He took his way by the south of France, through Italy, to Malta, Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople. From the latter capital he returned to Smyrna, where he knew the plague then to prevail, for the purpose of going to Venice with a foul bill of health, that he might be subjected to all the rigour of a quarantine in the lazaretto, and by consequence become acquainted with its rules. How the noisy deeds of military heroes shrink into nothing compared with such cool and deliberate daring! On his return by Vienna, the Emperor Joseph expressed a desire of seeing him; for Mr. Howard was now a known and respected character throughout Europe. The interview passed as between an enlightened sovereign desirous of information, and a plain independent gentleman, above the awe of rank, or the vanity of being noticed. During his absence on this journey, the admiration of his countrymen suggested a design of doing him honour which proved highly oppressive to his feelings. A subscription was entered into for the purpose of erecting a statue, and it was soon filled with names of the first distinction. As soon as he was informed of the scheme, he expressed such a decided aversion to what he termed being "dragged out in public," that it was reluctantly abandoned. He returned in 1787, and after a short rest went to Ireland, and came back by Scotland. He revisited Ireland in 1788, chiefly for the purpose of completing a survey of its charter-schools, to which he had excited the attention of the parliament of that kingdom. All the county gaols, most of the bridewells, the infirmaries, and hospitals, and the prison-hulks of England, were again examined by him during the course of these two years. The year 1789 was chiefly devoted by him to the methodising and printing the copious and important matter which had accrued from his researches since the last publication. It appeared in that year in a quarto volume, entitled "An Account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe, with various Papers relative to the Plague; together with further Observations on some foreign Prisons and Hospitals; with additional Remarks on the present State of those in Great Britain and Ireland. It was accompanied with many plates, illustrative and ornamental, which, as before, were given to the readers. This work opened several new sources of information to the author's countrymen, and was received with avidity.

Mr. Howard quitted England in the summer of 1789, and proceeded through Germany to St. Petersburg and Moscow. He found every where the prisons and hospitals thrown open to him, as to the general censor of that part of the police, whose authority was recognized in every civilized country. Such is the force of pure and exalted virtue! He next proceeded to the new Russian settlements on the Black Sea, and took his station at the town of Cherson. At this place a fever of a malignant kind prevailed, among whose victims was a young lady whom he had been requested to visit; for he had been so conversant with infectious diseases, that he was thought (and thought himself) to possess medical skill in those cases. From her he probably received a contagion which carried him off on January 20, 1790, about the age of sixty-three. He was buried in the neighbourhood of Cherson, and all honours were paid to his memory by Prince Potemkin and other men in office.

The testimony of public respect which he refused when living, has been conferred upon his memory, and his monumental statue was one of the first of those by which the cathedral of St. Paul's has been made a receptacle of national worthies.

RICHMOND HILL.

AN AUTUMNAL SKETCH.

(For the Mirror.)

"How solid all, where change shall be no more."

Nor long the time ere wintry storms shall rise,
And, with un pitying and resistless rage,
Sweep from the view this Paradise of sweets.
Such is the fate of all terrestrial things
However lovely, or howe'er beloved!

Methinks ev'n now Thomson's inspiring shade
Still hovers nigh, and to the passing breeze
Whispers anew his moralizing strain.

"Unthinking man! forbear thy rash pursuit
Of gay chimeras and unreal joys:
Earth's empty charms too quickly fade away,
And leave behind but anguish and despair.
Am'd the sad vicissitudes of life
Let wisdom teach thee to repose no trust
In objects fleeting as the sunny ray.

Behold the seasons as they circling roll
In order perfect round this lower world!
Summer to Spring succeeds, and Autumn's
warmth
To cheerless Winter yields as short a reign.*

So sang the Bard, as oft he wander'd
On thy flowery banks, delightful Thames!
But now, alas! his pipe in silence sleeps,
And nought is heard, save what imagination
Feigns, the tuneful murmur of his dying strain.
Within the precincts of yon stately pile,*
His mould'ring part commixes with the dust
Of meaner creatures, not enroll'd by Fame.
Lords with their vassals there unnoticed rot,
Without one jarring passion to molest
The tranquil slumber of the lowly throng.
Ah! what avails the p'audits of the crowd—
The pride of ancestry—the pomp of wealth—
And all the glitt'ring ornaments of state,
When the dread message comes, and Death con-
ducts
His hapless captive to sepulchral gloom.

Far as the eye can stretch the landscape
smiles,
And all that grace or beauty can inspire
Glow in the finished scene. Sensations soft,
In quick succession, steal upon the soul,
And ev'ry thought invites to grateful song.
Beneath the shelter of yon spreading beech
The harmless cattle rest: some range the mead,
And crop, well-pleas'd, a satisfying meal,
Or at the crystal brook their thirst assuage.
With blooming verdure crown'd on either side,
England's fair river flows majestic on,
Diffusing blessings o'er the peopled strand;
While on its polished surface lightly floats
The gay-trimm'd bark impell'd by zephyr's
breath,
Which bears afar the undulating sounds
Of boatman's lay, by distance more improv'd.
Thus giddy mortals down the stream of life
Sail heedless on, with unabated speed,
Unknowing where the mad career will end—
Whether in endless happiness or woe.

By contemplation led, oft let me seek
The silent copse, or thick embow'ring grove,
Whose paths, meand'ring, screen from vulgar
gaze
The thoughtful few, who shun the babbling
crowd.
Secluded thus, we commune with ourselves,
And gain (what books and preaching may not
give)
A knowledge of the heart—that depth unknown!
Where sins of ev'ry hateful shape and hue
Uncensured walk, and Satan reigns a king!
For from the heart proceed polluted thoughts,
* Adultries, murders, fornications, thefts,
False witness, blasphemies,*† and crimes too
black
For tongue to name—too loathsome to describe.
Who can be safe amid such hosts of foes,
Plotting alike destruction to the soul?

Retirement, how blest! that brings vain man
Acquainted with himself, and keeps him so.

* Richmond Church.

† This is the testimony of Him who said, "I
am the Truth!"

What though contentions rise fierce what succeed,
A war with self—where more than self contends,
Sure prelude oft to everlasting peace.
Happy, thrice happy, he, who conquers here;
No fading honours deck the victor's brow:
Rich the reward, and lasting as 'tis rich!

Again the woods put on autumnal brown;
Phœbus, departing, sheds o'er climes remote
His more enliv'ning ray: the morning air
No longer yields a renovating glow;
But, cramp'd with cold, proclaims th' expiring
year.

Each faded leaf, descending to the earth,
In monitory language seems to say—
"Behold my fall, and meditate *thine own*!"
O may the moral influence my mind
Through life's declining day—and, at its close,
Elate with hope, may I exulting shout—
"There is another, and a better world!" ‡

B. C.

‡ The words contained in the concluding line
of this piece, it will perhaps be remembered,
had just escaped the lips of a once celebrated
tragic performer, when he fell lifeless upon the
stage—an event *really tragic*, and awful.

THE PLAGUE OF RICHES.

IT is related in one of the newspapers
that, during the late panic in the com-
mercial world, a countryman who had
£100. in the hands of a banker withdrew
it, and took it home; but after sitting up
one night with his wife to guard it and
getting no sleep the next night, they de-
termined to take it back to the bank.
Such was the Plague of Riches to these
two persons, a similar feeling is very
happily described in the following letter
from the Rev. Mr. M. Pilkington to Dr.
Delany:—

"Dear Doctor.—Though you expected
to see me the happiest man in the world,
by the extraordinary honours which I re-
ceived from his excellency, yet I cannot
forbear acquainting you, you are greatly
disappointed in that respect.

Before I received his bounty, (which
far surpassed my hopes, and was far
more the effect of his generosity than any
merit of mine,) I thought *riches* were so
necessary an ingredient in human life,
that it was scarce possible to attain any
degree of happiness without them. I
imagined, that, if I had but a competent
sum, I should have no care, no trouble
to discompose my thoughts, nothing to
withdraw my mind from *virtue* and the
muses, but that, if possible, I should
enjoy a more exalted degree of content
and delight in them than I had hitherto;
but now I perceive these kind of notions
have been the pure genuine effect of a
very empty purse.

My hopes are vanished at the increase
of my fortune; my opinion of things is

of a sudden so altered, that I am taught to pity none so much as the *rich*, who, by my computation (after three tedious weeks' experience), must of necessity have an income of plagues proportioned to their fortunes.

I know this declaration surprises you; but, in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by way of *diary*, the different emotions of mind which I laboured under during the first three weeks' *guardianship* (for I can hardly call it possession) of that same unfortunate, care-bringing £50.; and have not the least doubt but you will believe my assertions to be true.

Monday, Feb. 16th.—Received this morning the agreeable news of being ordered to wait on his excellency, the lord Carteret; but, suffering a great deal of perplexity about appearing before one in so eminent a station, and so admired and eminent for learning, and every other perfection of the mind,—went, however, to the castle,—met with a very gracious reception,—had full proof of that affability, wisdom, and generosity, for which his excellency is so peculiarly distinguished, and which I knew before only by the testimonials of others. Was ordered to go to Mr. T. to receive the premium appointed by my lord.

Memorandum.—I imagined my stature greatly increased, and walked more erect than usual; went in high spirits to the secretary's, but, as a drawback to my happiness, received the dispiriting account of his being confined to his chamber. Denied admittance.

Memorandum.—His excellency easier of access than his officer.

Tuesday, 17th.—The secretary still sick. Paid a visit to his street-door about twelve; returned melancholy.

Wednesday - - ditto.

Thursday - - ditto.

Friday - - ditto.

Saturday - - ditto.

Sunday - - ditto.

Oh! 'twas a dreadful interval of time!

Monday, 23rd.—Ordered to wait again on Mr. T. but, happening to be over eager to receive the sum, I hastened away too unseasonably, about half an hour after twelve, and found him asleep.

Memorandum.—Admitted this morning to stand in the hall, and not at the door, as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported, I presume, because it happened so at other times. Walked in the piazzas till after one, ruminating on the various hopes and fears, with which my mind has been tormented this week past. Could not forbear repeating aloud the two lines of the *libel*, which, accl-

identally, are not more true of Addison than this gentleman.

"Who, grown a minister of state,
Sees poets at his levee wait."

Memorandum.—Not under any apprehension of being understood by any persons walking there, which were only a few lawyers, and a parson or two. Saunter again to the secretary—out of hope. Permitted now to go into a wide unfurnished apartment: in half an hour's time admitted to his presence,—received a bill of £50,—returned with great delight.

I now imagined that nothing was wanting to make me really happy: I pleased myself also with the thought of communicating happiness to my friends, who would share in my success; and particularly to you, who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the felicity of others. How far I was disappointed will appear by the sequel; so, to proceed with my *diary*; I wrapt up my bill very carefully, yet could not forbear looking at it sometimes, though not oftener than at every street's length. But, mark the instability of all human affairs! As I was very attentively reading it, a pert swaggering fellow rushes by me; I immediately suspected an attempt upon my treasure,—looked as earnestly as I dared into the fellow's face, and thought I read "robbery" in the lines of his countenance,—so, hastily elipt my bill into my pocket without its cover: met a friend, told him of my success, and the generosity of his excellency; but, pulling out the bank-note hastily, tore it in the middle—dismally frightened!—came home, shewed it to my wife,—was more terrified at hearing that it would now be of no value,—received several compliments from her for my care of it,—and that I was likely to be rich, since I took such pains to preserve what I got, and the like. Went directly in a fit of anger and vexation to Henry's bank,—smiled a little, and spoke submissively to the clerk,—obtained a new bill,—returned again with joy: all things settled amicably between us.

Memorandum.—Found, upon inquiry, that the ill-favoured gentleman above-mentioned, was one Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, the attorney, of whom I need not have been in such terror, since he never was known to be guilty of such an action in a public way.

Monday night, 12 o'clock.—Went to bed as usual, but found myself violently pulled till I awoke. Seized with a great trembling, when I heard a voice crying, *Take care of the bill*,—found im-

mediately it proceeded from the concern of my bedfellow, who it seems was as ill-formed to possess great riches as myself,—pitied her, told her it was safe,—fell asleep soon, but was, in less than two hours, roused again with her crying—*My dear, my dear, are you sure it is safe? Don't you hear some noise there? I'll lay my life there's robbers in the room! Lord have mercy upon us—what a hideous fellow I just now saw by my bed-side with a drawn sword—or, did I dream it?*—Trembled a little at her suspicions,—slumbered,—but was awakened a third time in the same manner,—rose about six, much discomposed,—received a very solemn charge to be watchful against accidents,—and let me say of you, my dear, to have a great care of the bill.

Tuesday, 24th.—Became extremely impatient to have this tormenting bill changed into money, out of a belief that it would be then less liable to accidents—breaking of bankers, &c. Went to one tank, and was refused; yet was ashamed to go to Henry's so soon,—contrived, however, to get it exchanged, after a great variety of schemes and journeys to several places. Came home, spread it upon the table to see the utmost bounds and extent of my riches,—all the rest of the day sat contriving where to lay it, what part of the house would be most secure, what place would be least suspected by thieves, if any should come,—perceived my mind more disturbed with having so much money in my custody than I had before.

Tuesday night, 11 o'clock.—Went round my house to inspect my doors whether they were all safe,—perceived a great deficiency of bars, bolts, locks, latches, door-chains, window-shutters, fire-arms, &c. which I never had taken the least notice of before. Peeped with great circumspection under the beds. Resolved to watch this night, and prepare expedients for my security next morning. Watched accordingly.

Wednesday, 25th.—Extremely fatigued with my last night's watching,—consulted several hours about preserving my wealth,—believed it most safe in bills. After mature deliberation, hurried away to the bank and took a bill for it, came away with an easier mind, walked about two streets' length cheerfully, but began to reflect, that if my load was lighter; yet, on the other hand, the bill might again be torn, be dropt, or mislaid,—went back in haste, once more received it in money, brought it home, looked frequently behind me as I walked,—hid it,—resolved to lay out the greatest part

of it in plate,—bespoke it accordingly,—prepared my fire-arms,—went to bed,—not one wink of sleep all this night.

Thursday, 26th.—Looked a little paler to-day than usual, but not much concerned at that, since it was misinterpreted by my friends for the effects of hard study. Invited abroad for dinner,—went,—sat down to table, but in that dreadful moment recollected that my closet, where my whole treasure was deposited, was left open,—was observed to change colour, and looked terrified,—Macbeth not so startled when he saw the ghost of murdered Banquo at the feast.

Memorandum.—Money a perpetual apparition to a covetous mind. Ran distractedly home,—found all safe, but returned too late for dinner,—fasted, fretted. Well saith St. Paul—*Money is the root of all evil*

Thursday night, 12 o'clock.—Hired a watchman to guard my doors, went to bed, but no sleep; the same mind-plaguing riches floated uppermost in my thoughts: methinks they cried, *Sleep no more! Wealth hath murdered sleep!*—Slumbered, however, a little towards morning,—dreamt of nothing but of robbers, assassins, spectres, flames, hurricanes,—waked in great terror.

Dear doctor, it would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful narration any further, every day administering new cause of uneasiness; nor did my concern forsake me in the midst of company and wine. 'Till I had the plate sent home, I was uneasy, lest, after I had ordered it to be made, I should be robbed of my money, and then not be able to pay for it; and when I had it once in my possession, I trembled every instant for fear of losing it for ever. When at home, I was afraid of being murdered for my substance; and when abroad, I was much terrified with the apprehension, that either my servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was absent, or else, that, by carelessness, they might set fire to my house and destroy it all at once. Every bell I heard ring I immediately imagined to be a *fire-bell*; and every *fire-bell* alarmed me with belief that my own house was in a blaze—so that I was plagued without interruption.

Since I have recovered myself a little, I have made an exact calculation of the pleasure and pain I have endured; and I shall shew you the just balance, the more fully to convince you.

A faithful account of the happiness and misery of Matthew Pilkington, Clerk, for the space of eleven days, on receiving £50. from his excellency the Lord Carteret:—

<i>Happy.</i>		D. H. M.
During the whole time of being with my lord, and 'till I went to the secretary's	}	0 1 0
By telling my success to several friends, and describing his excellency's person and perfections		0 3 0
By receiving the sum from Mr. T.	}	0 0 3
By obtaining the new bill for that which was torn, and pacifying my wife		0 3 1
Total Happiness	-	0 7 4
<i>Miserable.</i>		
All the remainder	-	10 16 56

To conclude all. To keep my mind as calm and as quiet as it was in the days of my poverty, I have expended £32. in plate, to be a monument of his excellency's generosity to me, and that plate I have lodged at a rich neighbour's house for its security. About £10. I have expended in fortifying my house against the next *money misfortune* that may happen to me, of which, however, at present, there appears no great danger. And if, providentially, my fortune be advanced, I hope to bear it with greater resolution, and be in a better condition to preserve it. I am, dear doctor, your affectionate friend and servant,

MAT. PILKINGTON.

THE MIRROR AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

Brighton, March 1, 1826.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Your charming little work is, I can assure you, quite the pet of our sex; and although you have not, perhaps, many female correspondents, I must claim indulgence to say a few words in its praise; no flattering compliments, however, but frank sincerity alone guides my pen. Your MIRROR has, I am confident, done much to stimulate the exertions of young authors; it is, as Addison said of his "Spectator," "like Ulysses' bow, where every man may try his strength." From its moderate price and very extensive circulation, it has also done much to circulate information and amusement to very many who would never have otherwise been able to obtain it. Your prints and typography are admirable; selection of matter extremely judicious; and your correspondents intelligent, lively, and very agreeable in original matter. We, however, could wish that when they will make use of Latin, they would be so kind as to

English it for our sakes. By the bye, Mr. Editor, I once asked you to give us a list of such words and Latin phrases as you most generally use, and you promised to do so, but—*n'importe*."

I must, however, notice a few of your contributors more particularly, though to mention *all* would make this my *maiden* epistle a very lengthy one. First, then, P. T. W. is masterly in historical research, diversified in his subjects, and at all times a most welcome guest. Nearly equal to him in your list stand *Clavis*, F. R. Y., *Edgar*, and one or two more. Their productions, though most admirable, are nevertheless, generally speaking, out of our sphere; we are, therefore, not competent to criticise here; it is dangerous ground for females; our weapons are too short. We like *Jacobus* also much; his style is neat, always moral, but at times we think he is too satirical. We felt rather angry when he proposed to invade our privilege by proposing a tax upon talking; but readily pardoned him when, like *Hudibras*, he took the other side by an apology in praise of loquacity. He, too, sometimes writes on subjects above our grasp; but we like his poetry best. Now I am speaking of the Muses, I must say a word in praise of *Utopia*; he is admirable, and we should never feel tired of his company. Your other poets all seem, indeed, to have deserted (pardon me, I was going to say) our MIRROR.

That your delightful little publication may long maintain its distinguished rank and circulation much to your benefit and your readers' satisfaction is, my dear Mr. Editor, without flattery, the sincere wish of yours truly,

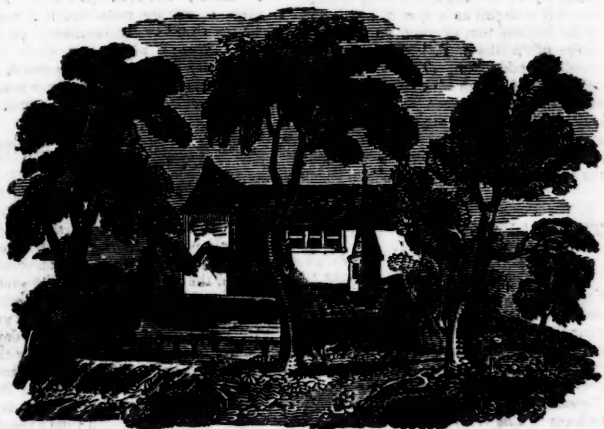
ELIZABETH B.

* The list shall be inserted in a week or two.—Ed.

REVENGE ON BANKERS.

A SIMPLE Scotchman (for it appears there is such a thing in the world) who had £100. in one of the Scotch banks, became alarmed during the late run, and went to draw it out, when he was paid in notes of the bank. Saunders grasped them firm in his hand, and exclaimed as he crossed the threshold, "Now you may break when you like." This reminds us of an Irish story in the rebellion: some bankers had rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to the rebels, the consequence of which was, that the whole of their notes, whenever they fell into the hands of the rebels, were immediately destroyed. At every burning there was a shout raised, "There goes some of the rascals' money!"

Birth-place of William Tell.



Few events in history are better known than the story of William Tell, the Swiss patriot, who enabled his countrymen to throw off the yoke of Austria; and we are sure a view of the place, consecrated to freedom by his birth, cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers. For the drawing from which the engraving is taken, as well for the following interesting particulars, we are indebted to our intelligent correspondent *Curioso*:—

“The inhabitants of Switzerland are the descendants of the ancient Helvetii, who were subdued by the all-conquering arm of Julius Cæsar. The mountainous and uninviting situation of Helvetia formed a better security for its liberties than its forts or armies; and such, indeed, is the case at present. The people of Helvetia continued long under what was little more than a nominal subjugation to the Germans and Burgundians, until about the year 1300, when the Emperor Albert treated them with so much rigour, that they petitioned him against the tyranny of his government; this, however, only served to increase their oppressions, and one of Albert's Austrian governors, Giesler, in wantonness of tyranny, set up a hat on a pole, to which he ordered the natives to pay as much respect as to himself. One William Tell being observed to pass frequently without taking notice of the hat, and being an excellent marksman, the tyrant condemned him to be hanged, unless he cleft an apple upon his son's head at a certain distance with an arrow. Tell had the dexterity to

considerable, without hitting the child. The tyrant, perceiving that he had another arrow concealed under his cloak, asked him for what purpose he had it, “To have shot you to the heart if I had had the misfortune to have slain my son,” he boldly replied. The enraged governor ordered him to be imprisoned. He soon made his escape, and his fellow-citizens, animated by his fortitude and patriotism, flew to arms, attacked and vanquished Giesler, who was shot to death by Tell; and the independence of the several states of the country, now called the thirteen cantons, under a republican form of government, took place immediately, which was perpetuated by a league among themselves in the year 1315, and confirmed by treaty with the other powers of Europe in 1647. Seven of the cantons are Roman Catholic, and six Protestant. Whether all the incidents of Tell's story be true or fabulous, the men (whoever they were) who roused and enabled their fellow-citizens to throw off the Austrian yoke deserve to be regarded as patriots, having undoubtedly been actuated by that principle so dear to every generous heart, the spirit of independence. Tell was born at Schacherthals, near Altorf; shot Giesler in 1307; and was drowned in a mountain cataract in 1354. In the street called the Hohlengasse, at Küssnacht, a chapel is erected on the spot where Tell shot Giesler, in which a solemn mass is performed annually. The cottage where Tell lived at Altorf is since taken down, and a chapel built on the site, where mass is solemnly said, and the people go in

procession. Tell's cross bow is carefully preserved in the old armoury at Zurich, where it is shewn as a sacred relic; and in the highest part of the town is a stone statue of William Tell, his little son standing beside him. The father is in a noble attitude, with his cross bow, which seems to rest more upon his arm than his shoulder. In Alcorf are two stone pillars standing at the distance of 130 yards from each other, at which distance Tell shot the apple from his son's hand."

thing" is not exactly "*As You Like It*;" but "*Every One Has His Fault*," and if mine is writing nonsense, that must plead my excuse. The corner of one of your "*Pages*," which you know are "*Tale (tail) Bearers*," is requested, at a convenient opportunity, by your much obliged servant,
PASCHÉ.

WEBER'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

As the celebrated musical composer, Carl Maria Von Weber, has for some time been justly popular throughout this country, we doubt not that the numerous readers of the MIRROR will feel gratified with an account of his first appearance here. His arrival in England was announced in the newspapers some days before his appearance on Wednesday the 8th inst., and the public mind was prepared to do him all possible honour. The author of *Der Freischütz* could not fail of an enthusiastic reception from a people in whose mouths his airs were as "familiar as household words." From the drawing-room of the noble to the hut of the meanest labourer, the hunting chorus and bridemaid's song have been sung, and their originality and beauty felt and acknowledged. The circumstance of his being announced to preside at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, attracted, as might be expected, a large concourse of all classes.

The writer of this is one of those, who, in spite of the jostling and crowding which are the necessary precursors of a seat in the pit, prefers the snugness of that part of the house to the splendour of the boxes. There is something gratifying in losing one's personal identity, and being considered only as an integer in the amount—all distinction of Mr. A. or Mr. B. merging in the common designation, "the pit," meaning thereby the people therein.

Well, then, suppose me arrived a few minutes after six at one of the pit entrances, and finding it thronged. The grand object of attraction it was no difficult matter to guess at. Favourite passages from the opera were hummed or whistled by the waiting crowd. Music was the subject of that conversation which is generally carried on, *sotto voce*, before the doors are opened; but Weber and *Der Freischütz* were words most distinctly heard. The sonorous and emphatic warning, "*Beware of pickpockets*," from the Irish orator perambulating the arcade being given, and watch-chains and handkerchiefs being secured, *clang went*

THE DELIGHTS OF AN EDITOR.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

March 3, 1826.

SIR,—What a pleasing task you must find it to unseal and with eager eye devour the correspondence of "*The Man of Taste*," "*The Man of Business*," "*The Man of the World*," "*The Recruiting Officer*," or even "*The Lying Valet*," "*The Jealous Wife*," wishing to learn "*The Way to Keep Him*;" and "*The Suspicious Husband*," who, though only "*Three Weeks After Marriage*," fearful he has been led through "*Horn Fair*," turns drunkard, and then a "*Gamester*," thus running the sure "*Road to Ruin*."

The perusal of these various epistles must afford you infinite amusement; then at thy sovereign will and pleasure, some are admitted, some are rejected. Most potent, I had almost said *grave*, but we'll drop that subject.

"*Seeing is Believing*;" and although I am not a "*Paul Pry*," yet like most "*Sweethearts and Wives*," those "*Inconstant*" creatures, I am fond of "*Discovery*," and should much like "*A Peep Behind the Curtain*" of your "*Cabinet*," just to learn a little of "*The Secrets of Office*." I can find no one to "*Pilot*" me, and cannot think of any "*Stratagem*" that promises "*Success*." I suppose you keep it under "*Lock and Key*."

"*Love Laughs at Locksmiths*;" and was the fair "*Malvina*," or the lovely "*Clari*," the object, I should commence "*Intrigue*," persuade the "*Child of Nature*" (not a natural child) to consent to an "*Elopement*;" and a "*Trip to Scarborough*" or "*Gretna Green*" would produce "*Matrimony*," the only "*Cure for the Heart-Ache*." The "*Honey-moon*" would follow, and we would endeavour, both in "*Town and Country*," to deserve the "*Flitch of Bacon*." It would form a pretty "*Winter's Tale*," and be to some a "*Tale of Mystery*;" by the bye, I like Miss Tree.

I fear this "*Much Ado About No-*

the bars, wide flew the doors, and then came "the tug of war." Shouting, pushing, shoving, and all the din of the first rush succeeded, and then push along to the pit.

"At first, while ample room gives space and ease, Distant or near, they settle where they please; But when the multitude contracts the spon, And seats are rare, they settle where they can."

Vide G. C. Rejected Addresses.

The "pealing organ" soon summoned the performers, and it was plainly to be seen that C. M. Von Weber was the grand object of attention. Mori entered and was kindly received, but the applause was momentary. Braham, too, and Miss Paton received a warm greeting, like the hearty *shake hands* of old friends in frequent intercourse; but the general attention was again directed to the door, and anxiously waited the appearance of the "mighty master." At length, when everything was hushed into stillness, the door opened, and he made his appearance. What a proud moment for him! The pit rose, cries of "Bravo!" filled the house; waving of hats and ladies' handkerchiefs, and continued plaudits from every part of the building. It was like what might be expected on the return of a long absent friend, on whose arrival all possible demonstrations of joy might be exhibited. It was evident that he was not prepared for such a reception, for he seemed overcome. His bows were repeated, and showed that he felt thankfully the enthusiasm which greeted him. The plaudits continued some time, and it was impossible for the orchestra to proceed until they ceased; he therefore made a sign, expressive of his wish for silence, which was obeyed, and the sublime overture commenced. The musicians seemed to catch inspiration from the presence of the composer; never was the overture so well performed. I have heard it six or seven times, but the precision and distinctness of this performance has never been equalled within my observation. The mighty genius of the master shone out in all its lustre. There was nothing in his appearance beyond an intelligent eye (as far as could be seen through spectacles), certainly nothing indicative of the mind which could revel in all the horrors of supernatural agency, and strike upon the minds of an audience feelings of awe and tremour. His form and face are thin and study-worn, and his body is evidently feeble. His stature is below the middle size; but it is "a little body with a mighty soul." His occupation during the performance was merely that of beating time with a small gilt *baton*; and under his direction several parts

were made more interesting than in the performance hitherto they had been. Every performer, from the little cherub-faced singing boys to the scientific and elaborate Braham, Atkins, and Miss Paton, exerted their talents to the utmost. As might be expected, applause, long and warm, followed every piece; but it was evident that the composer was anxious that the performers should divide it with him. The favourite chorusses of the bridesmaids and hunters were repeated.

There is something extremely impressive and thrilling in the reception of this powerful genius, showing as it does that talent receives a welcome everywhere. Wealth and power and titles may ensure the outward show of respect and deference; but it is only intellectual greatness that can find a hearty welcome in every cultivated mind. Nor is this welcome less honourable to the hearts of Englishmen than it must be gratifying to the feelings of M. Von Weber. He must feel as among friends, a naturalized Englishman. He is come from a foreign land, but is no stranger. His genius preceded him, and procured for him a welcome in every Briton's heart.

T. R.—H.

Watworth, March 9, 1826.

HAWKING.—ANECDOTE OF HENRY VIII.

(For the Mirror.)

* Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the
dove? POPE.

HAWKING, according to Beckman, was known to the Greeks and Romans; its origin in England cannot be traced till the reign of King Ethelbert, the Saxon monarch, in the year 760, when he wrote to Germany for a brace of falcons. In the reign of James I. Sir James Monson is said to have given a thousand pounds for a cast of hawks. In the reign of Edward III. it was made felony to steal a hawk; to take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, together with a fine at the king's pleasure. In former times, the custom of carrying a hawk on the hand was confined to men of high distinction, so that it was a saying among the Welsh, "you may know a gentleman by his hawk,* horse, and greyhound." Even the ladies, in those times, were partakers of this gallant sport, and have been represented in sculpture with hawks on their hands. See

* "It may be no more disgrace to a great lord to draw a fair picture than to cut his hawk's meat."—Peacham.

Bewick's "British Birds," vol. i. p. 26. It is recorded that a falcon, belonging to a Duke of Cleves, flew out of Westphalia into Prussia in one day; and in the county of Norfolk a hawk has made a flight at a woodcock near thirty miles in an hour. Some of the larger kind have been taught to fly at the wild boar and the wolf. With this view they should be accustomed to feed, when young, from out of the sockets of the eyes of a wolf or boar's head, the whole skin of the animal being stuffed, so as to make it appear alive. While the bird is feeding, the falconer begins to move the figure gradually, in consequence of which the bird learns to fasten itself so as to stand firm, notwithstanding the precipitate motions which are gradually given to the stuffed animal; he would lose his meat if he quitted his hold, and therefore he takes care to secure himself. When these first exercises are finished, the skin is placed on a cart, drawn by a horse at full speed; the bird follows it, and is particularly eager in feeding; and then, when they come to fly him in the field, he never fails to dart on the head of the first beast of the kind he discovers, and begins to scoop out the eyes. This puts the animals into such distress, that the hunters have time to approach and despatch it with their spears. *See Rees's Cyclopaedia*.—This species of *inhuman education* would be "more honoured in the breach than the observance." The grand seignior usually keeps 6,000 falconers in his service. The French king had a grand falconer. The Duke of St. Albans is hereditary grand falconer in England. St. Albans seems to have been a favourite place for hawking. Shakespeare says,

* Ride unto *St. Albans*,
Where the king and queen do mean to *hawk*."

And at this place was printed, by Caxton, a treatise on hunting, *hawking*, and heraldry. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," mentions an historical fact related by Hall, who informs us, that Henry VIII., pursuing his hawk on foot at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, attempted, with the assistance of his pole, to jump over a ditch that was half full of muddy water; the pole broke, and the king fell with his head into the mud, where he would have been stifled, had not a footman, named John Moody, who was near at hand, and seeing the accident, leaped into the ditch, and released his Majesty from his perilous situation; "and so," says the honest historian, "God of his goodness preserved him."

P. T. W.

LINES ON A SPARROW,

WHO VISITS MY WINDOW EVERY MORNING.

MASTER dickey, my dear,
You have nothing to fear,
Your proceedings I mean not to check, sir;
Whilst the weather be numbs,
We should pick up our crumbs,
So prithee make free with a peck, sir.

I'm afraid its too plain
You're a villain in grain,
But in that you resemble your neighbours;
For mankind have agreed
It is right to *suc-ceed*
Then like you, hop the twig with their labours.

Besides this, master dick
You of trade have the trick,
In all branches you traffic at will, sir;
You have no need of shops
For your samples of hops,
And can every day take up your bill, sir.

Then in foreign affairs,
You may give yourself airs,
For I've heard it reported at home, sir,
That you're on the best terms
With the *diet* of worms,
And have often been tempted to *Rome*, sir.

Thus you feather your nest,
In the way you like best,
And live high without fear of mishap, sir;
You are fond of your grub,
Have a taste for some shrub,
And for Gin there you understand trap, sir.

Though the rivers won't flow
In the frost and the snow,
And for fish other folks vainly try, sir;
Yet you'll have a treat,
For in cold or in heat
You can still take a perch with a fly, sir.

In love too, oh dick,
Though you oft when love-sick [trample
On the course of good breeding may,
And though often hen-pecked,
Yet you scorn to neglect
To set all mankind an eggs ample.

Your opinions 'tis true,
Are flighty a few,
But at this I for one will not grumble;
So your breakfast you've got,
And you're off like a shot,
Dear dickey, your humble come tumble.

THE MINUTE CRITIC.

"Ten censure wrong for one who writes *amiss*."
PORS.

THERE are a certain set of cavillers who are too fastidious to be pleased, and whose whole employment is to hunt for blemishes, and point them out to display their judgment—to content them is impossible, for rather than be satisfied they will require the union of contraries, condemning the regularity of a classical work, and censuring more original productions for their wildness. Of this class

is Mr. Squeamish, one of those gentlemen who damn a book for a passage, and like plain fops can only become remarkable by differing from every other person. Mr. S. affects extreme delicacy of taste—to be admired for his superior refinement, and has often told me that faults quite annoy him. I must, however, observe, that his sensibility never seems to injure him; on the contrary, he appears to thrive upon blemishes, reading a work for the sake of its fallings, and deriving pleasure from its defects.

For this delicate taste, Mr. S. considers himself partly indebted to nature, and partly to application. He is not, however, a mechanical critic, nor does he ever, like his brethren of the last century, try a book by a scale of Aristotle or Bossu. In fact, he more than doubts the utility of rules, on the same principle as Goldsmith's professor did not believe there was any good in Greek, because he did not understand it. He is, however, a rigid grammarian, particularly skilful in unnecessary subtleties, and extremely attentive to minute points, which are unnoticed or neglected by others; indeed he is so scrupulous on this subject that it is a moot point with him whether he should not have been inclined to have damned *Othello*, if Shakspeare had written "it was not *me* that did it."

I went with him to see the last representation of the *Winter's Tale*, a play, whose faults (as is well known) are palpable, and its beauties latent, whilst if Mr. Macready is excellent in anything, it is not in the character of *Leontes*. Mr. Squeamish had thus full opportunity for railing, as when the actor rose he could censure the drama; and condemn the performer with the rising of the play. The whole entertainment was, therefore, productive of enjoyment, and he ran a full career of criticism, from the rising of the curtain to its fall. It is true, he assured me his money was thrown away, but I am convinced that he has rarely laid out three and sixpence from which he derived more pleasure.

The species of critic of which Mr. Minin is a sample, is neither rare nor confined to literature. The connoisseur who neglects the effect of the whole to criticise trifles, and in lieu of rising to the standard of art, drags art down to his own standard: the theatrical critic, who, whilst all around him are transported beyond themselves, is intent upon catching words: or the coxcomb in real life who studies clothes, and disregards character, is a genuine brother of Mr. Squeamish, "another, yet the same."

B. Y. L.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

THE man who is fully sensible of the precious value of time, lets not a minute pass unemployed, and is invariably found possessed of general information; he has constantly in mind the rule of the famous De Witt, "never to put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day;" and is the very opposite of the man who wastes time because it is only a quarter or half an hour. It is the time thus wasted that in the end shortens a person's life many years. I admire the gentleman who having taken his seat at the dinner table, after looking once or twice at his watch said, "an hour had been wasted waiting for the dinner;" the company were surprised, as each knew he had not been seated many minutes, but he explained, "that there were eight persons present, and each had lost seven minutes." A hearty laugh ensued, but an hour was lost by the company.

The industrious man considers that life is but short at best, and therefore employs the whole, and ever regrets with Cato the Censor, "the day that was passed without doing anything."

S. T. S.

BENYOWSKY.

A NEW drama was on the 16th of March produced at Drury Lane Theatre, entitled *Benyowsky*. It is founded on the adventures of the individual of that name, of whom some particulars may not be deemed uninteresting.

Count Mauritius Augustus de Benyowsky was one of those unquiet spirits, who fly repose, and rush every moment into dangers from which nothing but their own courage can rescue them. He was born in 1741, of a noble family, at Werbna, in Hungary, and embraced in early life the profession of arms under the imperial banners; but having afterwards taken up arms in some private feuds, he was declared a rebel by the court of Vienna, and his estates were confiscated. In this situation his natural impatience of rest induced him to travel in Germany, Holland, and finally in England, where he instructed himself in the art of navigation. About the year 1768, he joined the Republican Confederacy in Poland, and was made a quartermaster-general. He defeated the Russians at Kumenka, but after a variety of vicissitudes, was taken prisoner, and treated with great rigour; escaped from his chains, he lay concealed for some time in St. Petersburg, but being discovered he was sent to Kamtschatka, and thence to

ed in severe labour with the lowest male-factors. Benyowsky, however, was a man of no ordinary boldness; he formed a conspiracy, scaled the Russian fortress, made himself master of it, and compelled the inhabitants to take the oath of the Polish confederacy. Seeing, however, that he could not maintain himself in that situation, and incited by the perusal of Anson's voyages, he conceived the bold idea of embarking with his accomplices in a small corvette. He accordingly set sail in 1771, carrying with him the Russian archives of Kamschatka. He touched at Japan, Formosa, and China, and discovering some small islands in his way, reached the European settlements in the East Indies. Being brought back to Europe by a French vessel, he was well received by the court of Versailles, where he delivered up all the manuscripts and archives he had carried with him. Among these papers was a plan for the invasion of China by the Russians, a copy of which was immediately despatched to the emperor of China by the French king. The enterprising character of *Benyowsky* not permitting him to live at rest, he projected the colonization of Madagascar, under the protection of the French. He remained, however, on the island, and the following year was shot in a skirmish with the French, after having defended himself with great courage.

Kotzebue made *Benyowski* the subject of one of his dramas, and it was translated into English, and acted at Drury Lane Theatre some thirty years ago. It was a monkish, extravagant, and affected production. Nothing, for instance, could be more childish or ridiculous, even in farce, than the scene in which the governor's daughter, at Kamschatka, is exhibited as falling in love at the first sight with *Benyowsky*, or that in which she is represented as becoming his pupil, and learning to tell him in French that her heart palpitates. The following is the manner in which this scene terminates, as described by the author, for the direction of the performer:—" *Athanasia* looks after him for a long time silently, walks up and down in much agitation—takes up the book—turns over the leaves, and throws it away again. She then goes thoughtfully to the chess-board, and plays mechanically with the pieces: then sighs, lays her hand upon her heart, and exclaims *le cœur palpite*."

The drama produced on this subject lately, differs both from the original story, which is highly dramatic in itself, and the version of it by Kotzebue. It is interspersed with songs of love and wine;

we select one of the latter sort, not for the sentiment but because it is a favourable specimen of strains of this sort.

A TOPER'S a thorough game cock,
His head is as hard as a rock,
He's frank and he's free,
For good liquor's the key
The hypocrite's heart to unlock.
Then drink, drink—hypocrites drink!
Tipple like fishes—and say what you think.

The poet, whose fancy grows dim
For true inspiration and whim,
Finds Helicon's stream
Has a bright rosy beam
In a goblet, filled up to the brim.
Then drink, drink—merry bards drink!
Tipple, and wake up the muse if she wink.

Your fighting man, Croat or Cossack,
If valour he happen to lack,
His courage to jog
Finds a rummer of grog,
The best friend he has to his back.
Then drink, drink—Cavaliers drink!
Tipple, and hark how your weapons will clink!

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE SNAKES OF SINGAPORE.

AMONG the novel objects which the natural history of this island offers to the scientific observer, snakes are amongst the most curious and interesting. From forty to fifty distinct species have already been collected, among which many are believed to be entirely new. The Malays, who are particular to redundancy in small matters, have a name for every one of them. Among them is the python, or ular sawah, improperly called the boa constrictor, although we have met with none of extraordinary magnitude, and two curious species of hooded snake. In so great a variety six poisonous species only have been found; nor is the bite of these in the highest degree venomous, as the worst of them seldom destroy a fowl in less than half an hour, and we have not yet heard of a death from their bite among the inhabitants. The mischievous or worthless part of the creation is not less numerous than various in Singapore, so that a naturalist is presented with daily opportunities of observing their habits and manners. We may notice two examples of these habits which fell under our own observation. The most poisonous of the whole is a green snake, spotted black and yellow, with a triangular shaped head, and a pair of formidable fangs on each side of the mouth. This animal, in its habits, is so sluggish and so little irritable, that we have seen

the Malays sport with it in their naked hands, without the fangs being extracted. We have seen the same animal die in three hours from the bite of a hooded snake, to which it had offered no resistance, although the most poisonous of the two. Two days ago a Malay brought to a gentleman a couple of snakes of different species, tied by the neck and body to one pole, the largest about six feet long, and the smallest about four. In this situation the former took the head of the latter in his mouth, and there held it fast, being unable to swallow his prey from the tightness of the ligature round the neck. As soon as this was undone, however, he commenced the process of deglutition, and by slow means swallowed the whole in about half an hour, not in the least disturbed from his purpose by the presence of a number of persons, nor by being frequently handled and moved, his whole beastly existence being apparently absorbed in the one appetite of satisfying his hunger.—*Singapore Chron. June 23.*

COSSACK WILD-BOAR HUNT.

THIS autumn a wild boar, which most likely had come from the environs of Cuban, came into the neighbourhood of the Manitcheff tents, and remained there until the rivers were frozen over. The Manitchefski Cossacks having observed this beast, and wishing to keep so curious an animal for some future occasion, it was enacted, at a general meeting, that no one of their body should destroy him, or hurt him, under a penalty of twenty roubles; at last, on the 20th December, it was agreed to that all the hunters, even to the age of 70, should hunt this animal on the Monday morning, and the Cossack Lenpoff was sent out to find it.

A net was put upon the river Don, on the ice; on one shore there was a line of horse, and, on the other, a line of sportsmen on foot; the others galloped about shouting. The Cossack Yoorkoff was the first who saw the boar, and drove him towards his father, to whom he had previously made known his intention; behind him rode the Cossack Leonoff, who was the first to attack the boar, and brought him to the ground; the beast became savage, and threw itself upon the riders, and followed an officer and a young Cossack for about twenty fathoms, at which time about thirty hunters rode up and surrounded the boar, and found that there would be no difficulty in killing him; but the Cossack Leonoff took the fancy of catching him alive. When the boar was casting about him in all direc-

tions, Leonoff called to the young Yoorkoff to endeavour in throwing himself from his horse, to fall astride on the back of the boar; before the young man could succeed in doing so, his father threw himself upon the beast, and seized him by his bristles with a firm gripe; the boar made a dreadful noise to intimidate his antagonists, but several Cossacks being earnest in assisting Yoorkoff, they seized the boar, got him on the ground, and having bound his legs with ropes, they carried him in triumph to their tents (Stantzia, or station). On the following day, a deputation of the horde was sent to the Ataman, General Illovaiski, and presented this wild-boar to him alive.

St. Petersburg Journal, Feb. 14.

Miscellanies.

HENRY THE THIRD'S ELEPHANT.

HENRY III. appears to have had a good notion of the sort of lodging proper for an elephant. In the *Rot. Liberat.* of the 39th of that reign, m. 11, we have an order of the king to the sheriffs of London, commanding accommodation to be provided for the elephant presented to him by his brother of France. "*Præcipimus vobis quod construi faciatis ad turrim nostram London, unam domum xl pedum longitudinis et latitudinis pedum xx. ad elephantem, nostram provisorum quod taliter fiat, et ita fortis sit ut apta sit et necessaria.*" If the king thought a good stone building, 40 feet long and 20 wide, necessary for the apt and secure accommodation of a female elephant, we may be permitted to doubt the modern wisdom of keeping a male elephant, of more than common size and strength, in a wooden cage, scarcely admitting him to turn himself. Space, stone, and iron, are demanded for the safe, and decent custody of such an animal.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

Published, in 1151, by order of King Henry II. to be subscribed by the Irish.

I BELEEVE in God Fadir Almighty, eppier of heeven and earth; and in Jhesus Christ, his oneleht son our Lowder, that is wange thwich the Holy Ghost, bore of Mary Maiden, tholede pine under Ponce Pilat, picht on rode tree, dead and is buried, licht into hell, the tridde day from death arose, steich into heaven, sit on his Fadir richt honde, God Almighty, then is commande to deem the

quicke and the dede. I beleve in the Holy Ghost, all holy chirche, mone of alle hallwen, forgivenis of sine, heise up-rising, liff with asten end. Amen.

he becomes bold as the lion; soon his boldness is transformed into the foolishness of the ape; and at last he wallows in the mire like a sow.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPHS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

If the following epitaphs are deemed worthy of insertion in your excellent work, I shall feel fully recompensed for my trouble in collecting them.

F.A.S.

IN FULHAM CHURCH.

UPON the monument of Thomas Bonde, dated A.D. 1600, at the west end of the south aisle, is the following inscription:—

"At Earth in Cornwall was my first beginninge,

From Bondes and Corringtons, as it may appere;

Now to earth in Fulham God disposed my endinge,

In March the thousand and six hundred yeare

Of Christ; in whom my body sure doth rest,

Till both in body and soul I shall be blest.

Thomas Bonde, obiit, ætat sue 68."

IN ST. MARY LE BOW, CHEAPSIDE,

AMONG the monuments of this church is one to the memory of the worthy Bishop Newton, on which are inscribed the following beautiful lines:—

"In thee the fairest bloom of opening youth

Flourished beneath the guard of Christian truth;

That guiding truth to virtue formed thy mind,

And warm'd thy heart to feel for all mankind.

How sad the change my widow'd days now prove,

Thou soul of friendship and of tender love;

Yet holy faith one soothing hope supplies,
That points our future union to the skies."

ON DRUNKENNESS.

WHEN Noah planted the vine, Satan attended and sacrificed a lamb, lion, ape, and a sow, to show the effect of drunkenness. When a man begins to drink, he is meek and innocent like the lamb; then

ANECDOTE OF YOUNG NAPOLEON.

[THE following anecdote of young Napoleon, the son of Bonaparte, has been forwarded by a correspondent, who signs his initials R. J. We give it as we have received it. By the bye, young Napoleon completed his fifteenth year on Monday, the 20th of March.—ED.]

"Two gentlemen, who visited Vienna, were conversing in French at a public exhibition, when they were overheard by young Napoleon, who was present. He eagerly asked if they were Frenchmen, and being answered in the affirmative, laid his hand on his heart and said, 'I also am a Frenchman; how are all my good people in Paris?'"

LINES

Written in pencil on the tomb of Major-General Hay, of the 1st Foot or Royal Scots, who fell in defending the churchyard of St. Etienne, where his body is interred, April 14, 1814.

"St. Stephen, mark this post of glory,
I ne'er will yield," said gallant Hay;
"Here France shall learn a valiant story."
She learnt—'tis written o'er his clay!

JULIAN.

FEMALE MACHEATH.

THE notorious Clara Wendel, the leader of a band of robbers, which has ramifications throughout all the East and South of Switzerland, is a remarkable phenomenon in her way. She is only twenty years of age, is endowed with rare intellectual faculties and great personal beauty, and has been the author of 20 murders, 14 conflagrations, and 1,581 robberies.

BULL.

A STON on a small house in the vicinity of Dublin, has this inscription:—
"Asses milk every morning, hot from the Coir."

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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